Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they doe aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt up a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, even ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groves being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth foode, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes doe ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heaven ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeverall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.
Dion. Ile doe my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe even in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondered at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All poverty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.
Dion. Oh tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heaven can doe by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance:
As houſes are defilde for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſavers yonger,
Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Thoſe mothers, who to nouzell up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loved,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them buriall.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.
Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup,
And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The Miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.
Lord. We have deſcried upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hitherward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour;
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beate us downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.